

Beware the Fury of a Patient Man

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Summary: The Covenant have no knowledge of human nature. Unwittingly pushing even the most gentle of human souls to a breaking point will have the most violent of repercussions. If not dealt with immediately, there will always be dire consequences.

Beware the Fury of a Patient Man

****Disclaimer:** I own nothing, absolutely jack squat, of the Halo franchise, and lay claim to none of it. I am simply an avid fan.**

****Beware the Fury of a Patient Man****

Yayap was deeply terrified as he tagged behind the patrol leader. Covenant had been disappearing on patrols the last several cycles, but that wasn't the worst part. No, the worst part, he thought with a shiver of unadulterated terror, was that the Covenant did not stay gone. Every so often a skull or a body would appear, impaled on a crude spear around the excavation site. At first the gruesome displays had only appeared within the forests and valleys, but each time a new one was found, it was slightly closer to the encampment. Talk had begun spreading of a local demon after Sangheli remains had been stumbled upon within sight of the Forerunner structures. The Unggoy were going haywire, and even the fearless Sangheli were becoming tense.

He wished that he was home; home in his family's ancestral swamp dwelling. By the Prophets, anywhere would be better than this haunted backwater planet. So caught up was he in his homesickness that the frightened Unggoy never saw the barest of gleams announcing the presence of a hair thin wire. Tripping over the strand, he fell towards the leave covered forest floor. He raised his arms to break his fall, and kept falling right through where the forest floor should have been.

Alien oaths and screams promising retribution filled the air as his

fellow Covenant noticed the spiked pit and its claimed victim. Underlying all of those however, was a sense of frantic paranoia. Xenos eyes peered into every shadow, desperate to put a simple face, a simple ENEMY, to this nightmare they found themselves in. However, the shaded woods shared no answers for these extraterrestrial trespassers. Once more, pressure was again added to the already taut nerves of every covenant.

Abruptly a veteran Sangheli held up a hand, indicating to all left to halt. Cocking his head to the side, a faint sound drifting between the leaves of trees gradually made itself heard. Eyes widening in frustration the alien warrior listen to a tune that had come to be synonymous with death. Grunts began nervously barking with fear as the melody to a song known on Earth simply as "Pop Goes the Weasel" seemingly taunted their inability to fight a faceless foe. Palpable tension hung over the detail, as once more nerves were forced to the breaking point.

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Surveying from a distant ridge, a hooded figure nodded in grim satisfaction before closing a nearby box. Music drifting from inside the device quieted instantly, and the man flicked off a nearby transmitter. Once again he had shown the Covenant terror, a nigh unknown emotion to the unstoppable alien coalition. This would not be the last however, far from it. Glancing at down at a grime covered band on a ring finger, his camouflaged features softened for a moment. Grief could be seen within sunken eyes before quickly hardening over into a flinty expression.

In another life he had been called a hunter, a husband, a father. Now, he was alone. Here he was known only as a demon to those who had stolen his precious people from him. One purpose alone drove him past grief and unquenchable rage: a resolute desire to show these xenos bastards why to beware the fury of a patient man and to turn their little invasion into a nightmare the likes of which they had never before known.

Shouldering a long cloth covered rifle, the bitter hunter once more gazed at his handiwork, and then turned away. Slowly disappearing into the surrounding environment, the spectre-like man hurried to keep a special appointment with a few old enemies.

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Tran Savamee was a proud Shipmaster, glorious in resplendent golden armor. He had fought against heretics, rebels, and even the scourge of humanity itself. Never in his vast experiences of conflict had he ever encountered a dilemma such as this though. The initial landing detail had decimated the insignificant military force, and had immediately begun cleansing the human infestation. There had been no chance of salvation for those who blighted the world; they had fallen before the holy wrath of his brethren. What had occurred afterwards had been a feast for the savage Kigyar. Even now, weeks after the initial purge, bones littered the devastated town.

Glancing at the excavation site, the Sangheli bared its mandibles in amusement. Unwittingly the first settlers had begun establishing a town above a massive underground Forerunner complex, never aware of

the treasure below them. _'Now they will never defile the sacred relics with their heathen hands.' _

The pleasing thought made the commander relax in comfort; for once again his brethren had carried out the Hierarchs' edicts to perfection. However, as initial digging had begun on the site, an irrelevant Unggoy had vanished. Chalking it up to cowardice or wild animals, the overseeing Sangheli commanders had ignored it. That is until the Unggoy had been found impaled deep with the indigenous forests. Realizing the possibility of a small band surviving the massacre, patrols had been increased. Nonetheless, within several cycles yet another Unggoy had disappeared, along with the two Kigyar who had been on patrol with him. The Sangheli leading the subsequent patrol, a rookie with barely ten kills to his name, had heard a strange tune when they discover the mutilated remains.

On and on the disappearances had continued. When the local battle group had received a transmission raving about demons and sounds that drifted from the trees, a small frigate had been dispatched to rendezvous with the one already in orbit. A disturbing revelation was made known to the visiting Shipmaster upon his arrival. While transmissions of the initial disappearances had been reported back to the orbiting cruiser, and additional forces had been ferried down to the surface, disappearances had not stopped. Instead, they had intensified.

Despite having daily flights of Banshees assisting every patrol, Covenant disappeared as if the forest was full of bottomless holes. Be it a trap that slew a single member of patrol within the sight of their comrades, or an entire patrol vanishing when they were out of sight for mere moments, fatalities were mounting. Above all else though, even to those within impregnable Wraiths, the sound of that DAMNED SONG crushed morale every time it was heard. Whispers had spread throughout the fleet that the excavation was cursed, that the Forerunners had left a vengeful guardian to prevent defilement of the relics within.

Clutching his energy sword tightly enough to cause its ignition, the soldier growled in frustration. This had never before happened to any Covenant force. On all other occasions they had had a visible foe, an enemy to focus their pent up rage against. Now even his trusted brethren, the Sangheli, were afraid to venture outside of the compound.

Deep in deliberation, the golden clad Shipmaster did not even realize he had drawn the attention of a vengeful spectre.

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Pulling the loving maintained SRS99C-S2 AM rifle firmly into his shoulder, the dirt caked dealer of death surveyed the now massive encampment. Over the course of weeks the Covenant gathered within had been reinforced repeatedly with vehicles, troops, and buildings. _'As if that has stopped me.'_ He thought with a bitter smirk.

Living off the bounty provided by wild animals and local plants, he had thrived in his environment. While his psychological warfare was indeed crude, judging by the angered alien yells it was working. Patience was his most valuable asset in the ruins of where he had

once lived and loved. While it may be a stark future lying before him, with a painful death as his only reward, he would continue it till the day he was killed or the planet turned to glass. Every strike against those who had killed each and every person dear to him gave him a small grim sense of peace, of equilibrium.

Snapping his mind back to the present he spotted his newest victim. Positively gleaming in the early morning sunlight, the bastard was pacing along the upper deck of an imported building. Slowly, and with precision only gained by countless repetitions, he accounted for the way the Elite was pacing, the distance the 14.5mmx114mm sabot round would drop over the course of its 1700 meter flight, and the slight breeze ruffling the viridian leaves above him.

Finally having accounted for every factor, he carefully regulated his breath, inhaling and exhaling in measured breaths. Aligning the reticle to its final position, the human terror exhaled one last time. With a steady pull, one finger depressed the weapon's trigger. Thunder roared, his target slumped, and once more his foes were forced to listen to that demoralizing sound. For in their utter ignorance of human nature the Covenant had brought the fury of a patient man down upon themselves and their holy alliance would never be the same for it.

****Helpful
Translations****

****Sangheli-Elites****

****Unggoy-Grunts****

****Kigyar-Jackals****

****This was a little plot bunny that had bugged me for a while. The idea of what happens when you push a patient man to unadulterated fury. ****

****Anyways, thanks for reading my tale. Anonymous reviewers are welcome. Flames and constructive criticism are also welcome, however, should thee flame, I will use it for s'mores. MMMM s'mores.****

****MysticalFett over and out.****

End
file.